UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Memories

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Letters from China and the Orient

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part III. Chapters XIII and XIV

By M. K. GANDHI

Trillium Time

By H. S. N.

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Contents

EDITORIAL— Page
Notes 263
Memories—ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY 265
A Reply to the Peabody Appeal to Ministers of the United States Concerning the War Debts —CHARLES F. DOLE 268

ARTICLES—
The Causes of War—CHARLES F. DOLE 263
Letters from China and the Orient—ANNA LOUISE STRONG 269
The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Part III, Chapters XIII and XIV—M. K. GANDHI 272
Trillium Time—H. S. N. 273

POETRY—
The Waterfall—DOMBEY SHEPHERD 271

THE STUDY TABLE—
A Sacred Anthology—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 276

CORRESPONDENCE—
In answer to Mrs. O'Hare:
I. BERTHA HALE KING 277
II. JAMES ONEAL 278
A Sacco-Vanzetti Anthology—RALPH CHEYNEY, LUCIA TRENT 278

THE FIELD—
Memorial Tribute to the Late Frank Carleton Doan—By the Summit (N. J.) Unitarian Church 279
On Relations with Latin-America 279

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, JULY 11, 1927 NUMBER 17

THE CAUSES OF WAR

I wonder if it is a kind of intoxication with economic learning that leads people to annex war as a special branch of their department of knowledge. They talk of the "economic causes of war" and seem to imagine that, inasmuch as economic forces must always be at work in the world (most men being hungry three times a day), there must always be wars, so as to keep up, we assume, a proper balance of cause and effect. Do they suppose that a dog never fights except for a bone? The fact is, wars, like law suits, arise because men are greedy and selfish and want lands and goods that belong to others, and men are jealous and misunderstand one another; and they care altogether more to force other men to do justice than to do justice themselves; in short, men fight because they are as yet uncivilized; and they suffer from fears, as animals do, and at times seem to go wild like a herd of animals. Thus the Witchcraft Delusion came like an epidemic of disease. Thus the Great War came. Pity men for it, but tell the truth. Don't make war a part of your science, as if it were respectable, or as if men needed to go crazy every few years and revert to the animal level. This is just like an apology, under the name of the Red Cross, for having typhoid every winter in our city. Stop your wars by civilized means, as we stop men from running amuck in the streets!

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Mr. S. O. Levinson has returned from Europe, filled with enthusiasm over the results of his trip on behalf of the Outlawry of War. He interviewed over fifty leading men in England and on the continent, and everywhere met with understanding and support. "I had some great surprises," he writes in a personal letter, "which altogether reversed my expectations when I started." Especially warm was his reception in France, confirming in every detail the recent newspaper reports that the Republic is ready for an out-and-out treaty outlawing war with America. And now signs are not lacking that Washington is receptive to such a treaty! Indeed, Mr. Levinson returns to a country which we would think it would be difficult for him to recognize on this Outlawry issue. Everybody, as we have already pointed out in these columns, is climbing on to the bandwagon. There are now more original discoverers of the Outlawry of War than there were Pilgrims on the Mayflower. Some of these discoverers look queer enough in their new won plumage. Professor Shotwell, of Columbia, for example! Only a short time ago, in a statement in the New York *Times*, he pontifically proclaimed, "I never could accept the Levinson thesis"—as though it made any appreciable difference whether he could, would, should, or not! Now the professor rushes to the center of the stage with a so-called model treaty in his hand, and claims all credit for developing the Outlawry idea. But Mr. Levinson can well afford to take this sort of thing good-naturedly—as can all the other pioneers who hewed down the trees in the inhospitable forest of misunderstanding and prejudice, and thus made a way for men of the Shotwell type to follow on. The main thing, the great thing, is that Outlawry has won—not the slogan merely but the idea, and not the idea merely but the program. It is now only a matter of time when Outlawry treaties will be written, and the end of war begun. Like William Lloyd Garrison, Mr. Levinson is happily living to see the triumph of his great reform.

A beautiful illustration of how the Outlawry of War idea works on an intelligent mind is given by Dr. Frederick W. Norwood, in a recent issue of the *Christian Century*. A few years ago the distinguished pastor of the City Temple, London, was the traditional type of peace man. When the Great War came along, he rushed into the fray. When the Great War was over, he found hope in the League of Nations and the World Court. Then suddenly to him, as to so many others, there came the cataclysmic experience of revulsion. War became an utter horror to him, and the ending of war the one thing alone worth thinking and talking about. A year or so ago he started out on a great peace crusade. For nine months—three in the United States and Canada, and six in England—Dr. Norwood was on the road. His combined audiences in the British Isles, we are told, were not less than 200,000 persons. He addressed proportionately as many people on this side of the water. He met public leaders everywhere, and sounded public opinion to the bottom. His conclusions from his experience are impressive. Believing still in the League of Nations for whatever good it may do, he concedes that the League itself cannot and thus will no end war. In its very organization, he says, "it involves no absolute departure from war"—the very thing that UNITY has always contended! Nothing will serve, he now declares, but Outlawry.

The only ultimate objective tolerable to the Christian mind is the disestablishment of war from the legal code of nations. Some day it will be as illegal for nations to murder each other's millions as it is for one man to murder another. To say that a thing is illegal does not make it impossible, but it does make it a crime. Against a crime the decent elements in the community are instinctively arrayed. At present war is the most

legal thing in the whole wide world. The justification of that anomaly always is, of course, that we do not ourselves desire it, but some other nation supposedly makes it necessary. Along the borders of nations there is little international law. Even the league of nations only says, "Pause, consider, arbitrate, but if all that breaks down, then away you must go, and our blessing will go with you if you have obeyed the rules." That may be the best we can do at the moment, but it is a travesty of Christian doctrine and of good sense to regard that as a millennial state.

Emphasizing what we have emphasized so many times in these columns, that "war is the epitome of all the crimes in the calendar," and yet "is the most legal thing in Christendom," Dr. Norwood asks that the world go the whole way in outlawing all war as the crime of crimes. "In the last analysis," he says, "the League exalts war to a still higher pedestal." Now we must cast it down altogether. "The naked truth is," he concludes, "that war must be made illegal." Thus only can we reach our goal.

Main Street is vindicated in Lindbergh and Chamberlin. The middle western town was and still is much which Sinclair Lewis made it out to be. But Lindbergh and Chamberlin are its product. And they are a multitude. Another type is Booth Tarkington's Penrod. All three are to be found in the typical middle and far western community. The Chamberlin type is a grinning, unobtrusive but ubiquitous kid, much liked and responsive among his fellows, while working his shy unobtrusiveness somewhat overtime among his elders. There are many of him. He only awaits his chance to come out. He gets into scrapes and breaks an arm or a leg occasionally, but continues to come up grinning and ready for the next exploit, always resourceful. The Lindbergh type is less numerous, but the individual now so widely known to fame is by no means an isolated phenomenon. He is not so unequivocally one of the gang. His companions do not themselves altogether and all the time understand him. The Lindbergh type is not the religious kid, the ever-faithful attendant upon the conventional, denominational Sunday School. Nor is he tough, the swaggering disbeliever who gets his formulas from the defiant patter of his home. The home whence he emerges is not conventionally religious; the head is not a pillar of the church. But it is a home where life is taken seriously, and serious life purposes are cultivated. If the father does not stand and speak out for enlightened and progressive public measures, and get sent to Congress, he does and says something else of similar significance, and convinces the youngster that life is meant for something more than "getting on." Only catalogue the practical scholars, sober men of affairs, alert and resourceful scientists and doers in American society's big achievements, and note how many of them spent their infancy and boyhood on Main Street. Perhaps resourcefulness is the mark which shines clearest. They find the way, if there is one, and if there isn't they make it. Lindbergh is very much the product of Main Street, though he, like most of his type, fares far afield to vindicate his progeniture.

In this era of alleged economic prosperity there is a startling amount of unemployment. Efficiency management is getting in its work. Large corporations are discovering that they can get along with many fewer men. Banks are being consolidated, and a quarter or half of the number of clerks formerly employed is being dispensed with. Oil production is exceeding the demand; the big oil companies are reducing their force. The automobile industry is in a slump; at least it is not booming as it has boomed. Even Ford is reducing his working force by the thousands, and is employing the workers retained on two-thirds or half time. This is the report from the principal works in Detroit, and latterly from the assembling plants in the east. Such is managerial wisdom. It is inefficient management which keeps on the pay-roll great numbers of supernumeraries, workmen for whom there is no work, wage-receivers who are not producing marketable goods. But there is a screw loose in an industrial system which permits managerial wisdom to run so directly counter to social welfare. Unemployment is our greatest social scourge. Permitted to become chronic, as it is now and has been throughout our era of alleged prosperity, it is a canker which must eat finally into the vitals of industry as of every other organ of the social body. The plain truth is that industry is not efficiently organized. Its only conscious aims are the profits of the individual corporation. It is therefore industrial wisdom to indulge in social folly. It is economic virtue to commit a crime against the community. A kingdom divided against itself must fall. Our present industrial order cannot stand. No revolution ought to be necessary. Only a little intelligence among industrial leaders should reveal to them the fatuities of their present procedure. Surely they know how the morale of their own working force is being destroyed by the terrors of unemployment. Industrial management can never claim to be efficient until this terror is removed. Social folly cannot continue to be industrial wisdom.

One religious denomination after another completes its ambitious and dramatic drive for ministerial pensions. The totals run far into the millions. National assemblies of these denominations are brought up standing in furious applause, as the announcements are made. Laymen of national repute, heading these drives, are acclaimed as benefactors of society. These churches are declared in eloquent declamations to have removed a shocking disgrace from American civilization, by providing support for the old age of those who have heroically served their communities in poorly requited service. The plight of the poorly paid clergyman has been persistently and widely exploited. Con-

gratulations that this disgrace has been removed have been correspondingly exultant. Now, that is done! A hundred and fifty thousand servants of the common good have been provided for in their old age. But what of the millions of not less devoted, and, in the final analysis, not less essential, servants of the common good, in other walks of life, whose anxieties have only deepened during these years while church leaders and church contributors have been thus zealously providing ministerial pensions? How do the records stand among these same religious assemblies, in advocacy of measures designed for the common relief of the common fear of old age? How resonant have those same halls been with demands for justice to those struggling with the same problems of life and work, not in the favored ministerial ranks? The records are not overburdened. Importunities for universal social justice have not arisen to a clamor. Approval of men and institutions that would correct present glaring inequities has been sublimely general. These churches have wanted that everybody should be good and that none should suffer injustice. But practical, hard-working statesmanship has been very much devoted to seeing that clergymen get their pensions. One wonders how serious is the churchly desire that the common man should get his.

Is it not pitiful that Bishop Manning should seek to pick a quarrel with Dr. Fosdick over his Smith College Commencement address? This address, as judged from the reports, was one of the sanest and most valuable contributions which Dr. Fosdick has made to the thinking of the new generation. The Bishop's distortion of it was so gross as to make it seem incredible even to Dr. Fosdick that the Bishop's farewell slap should be intended for him. And what was the occasion of the Bishop's pronouncement? He was setting out on a triumphal mission to participate in the world conference on religious faith and order! He was signalizing his leadership in an ambitious movement to bring all branches of the church together! And the best way he could devise for doing that was to go out of his way to attack the utterance of a fellow-clergyman of his home city who has said more wise things than the Bishop ever thought of, who has left unsaid more foolish things than all of the Bishop's wide gamut of follies, and who has more humanity in his little finger than the Bishop has in his loins! Surely the ways of Bishops are past finding out. Has not a wise scripture long ago declared, in effect, that though thou bray a bishop in a mortar with a pestle, yet the unique episcopal wisdom will abide with him? Elmer Davis, in his *Harper's* article some time ago, subjected this particular Bishop to something like that treatment, yet he seems to have come out of it intact, folly-clad and folly-bred. This episcopal pronunciamento was, on its face, a good deal of a presumption. The Bishop appears to have passed it out to the papers as a document designed to say a little of everything about pretty much of nothing, on the general understanding that it was necessary for the moral guidance and uplift of benighted American society during that season of gloom when the Bishop's light should be temporarily removed to Europe. Poor Christendom! It has been compelled to wait all this while for the Bishop to set it to rights! What a benign "faith and order" will now prevail under the Bishop's sweet inspiration!

Memories

Memory is the power of man to capture the fleeting moment. Without this power he is a piece of bark tossed to and fro in the stream of time. With it, he becomes a self-directing being, seeking to master cosmic forces. We, the living present, conscious foci in immeasurable space, are surrounded, hemmed in, by the past—the past within and without—the transitory bit of reality which we call the present and the circle is completed by that curtain we call the future. We move out of the present into the darkness which the light of the now breaks against as a searchlight against a dense cloud of mist.

We never see, we only know by faith. What lies within this darkness we call in words of hope "The Future." The present like running water is here and not here. We know it but never have it. It perpetually flows from the future into the past. It is a momentary flash of light, a dawn, and then it fades into the cold gray of a sunless day. This flowing moment in which we find ourselves, resolves itself into experiences and we call it life. Ceaselessly as the river flows to the sea, or even as the stars fall through the domes of space, so life comes and goes. And as it moves through human consciousness it is divided as an ocean current by a continent into two streams.

One is that of tradition. In it is the wisdom and folly of mankind. This stream turns back and meets again the living soul balanced on the edge of two worlds, the past and the future. The stream of life beating against the adamantine walls of space, has turned back to man and become a part of the living present. Man has won the victory over time. It is the future precipitated by the fleeting moment, the present, coming back to taunt man because of his weakness and to challenge him with the tiny nuggets of memory that have been won by the insatiable minds of men from the wanton current of time. Tradition, the experience of men embodied in customs, laws, books, habits, and folk-

ways, is man's treasure trove, his accumulated bits of social memories which he has won in his adventurous quest. These, men hold as precious beyond compare—the gold and the dross. It is so hard to separate them that only a favored few dare essay the task. And this can only be undertaken at great risk, sometimes even of life itself.

As the "seventh wave" is the higher wave so there are "seventh waves" in the stream of life. These, when man hesitates too long, come with irresistible power. They break and scatter many of the nuggets of gold and dross, grind them to powder and fling them again into the surging stream of time. Experience begins anew after the great revolution. The ceaseless accumulation of life in the form of tradition continues. At long intervals a great thinker appears—a Voltaire who lustily and joyfully kicks the nuggets about on the sand as a boy with one blow in the sheer ecstasy of his strength destroys the block tower he has so laboriously built; a Darwin who brings a word into being and endows it with the magic power of knowledge so that books wither and libraries crumble into dust. Yet ceaselessly the living process moves on and on, and men ceaselessly precipitate out of the future through the present the crystals of gold and dross which to the mind are inert but which to the heart of man are a part of the living tissue. So ever and ever as the generations of the sons and daughters of man come and go this returning tide of life lays at their feet this vast treasure. This is our tradition, the social heritage of the race, our social memory.

The other stream, by the mystic magic of the life process, returns to the inner life of man and woman. The future flowing through us, infinitesimal foci in the infinity of space, comes back to us and annihilates time. It deposits as treasure trove memories which find a new life in the trove itself. There they crowd and jostle one another and fight for supremacy. Some are buried deep within, some are beaten into unconsciousness, and some live as the life of the soul lives. Some men would deny but cannot. They cling as barnacles to the hull of the ship. They ride him as the Old Man of the sea rode Sinbad. Others stay, survive unhonored and unwelcome. Others remain to cheer, inspire and challenge their host. They are elixirs of life, stimulants of all that man is in that precious fleeting moment, the present. Thus about us is the social memory of mankind snatched out of the pouring, rushing stream of life, and within man are memories—the individual man's very own. So close to him are they that they seem to be of his very inmost being, life of his life and soul of his soul.

Man played upon by the stream of life stands as does a traveler on a lone bluff viewing the turbulent majesty of the Mississippi in full flood as it pushes and breaks its way to the sea. And yet man is more than a spectator. He is also in the flood itself. He is a tiny boat on an endless, shoreless stream, a momentarily conscious center in the living current of life.

Is he no more than this? Is he a helpless, hopeless victim of the process of which he is a part? Has he wakened out of endless sleep of time only to view his own impotency? Are the challenges of the past only mockery? Are his hopes, engendered by the fairest of his memories, only the mirages that lure him on to an endless Sahara of blistering pain and sorrow? Is man who dreams and ever dares to dream of new worlds but a ball that dances in the spray of the fountain?

To all these questions, man mounting on the throne of his inmost self, cries aloud with Carlyle the "Eternal Nay!" Man forgetting his weakness, raising his once feeble arm now electric with the power of his own passion, defies time, space and the very current of life itself, and cries aloud out of his pain and exaltation as did Jehovah of old, "I am that I am." Broken, beaten, and cast down again and again from his throne, he returns to it with undiminished hope and renewed faith.

In a moment of supreme joy when he feels the vital forces of eternal youth strong within, man mounting to the heights of the Delectable Mountains proclaims the advent of a new world—a better social order.

Again in the cold calm of the laboratory he solemnly vows in the presence of crucible, retort and microscope his determination to make man in the image of his higher self. His feet stumbling over the accumulations of the past, his mind stored with impedimenta that both tear and heal the sinews of his soul he rises at times to be a god. He is then Prometheus, the God who defies all the deities of Olympus and even the mighty Jove himself.

When almost caught in the net of defeat, when most beaten by the blows of chance, he gives himself as a rich memory for the unknown generations to come. He even meets the Fates in the middle of the road and orders them to seek the byways and dark forests. He says that he is Man—Man, the Creator, the maker of worlds and heavens to be, the maker of a new race, a race of supermen. All the mockery of the lesser gods, all the derision of devils will not cause him to stay his onward march, or deny the integrity of his own soul.

Tell him that it is all an illusion, that he is himself the joke of jokes—he arises in the person of great souls, the prophets and poets in heroes like St. Francis, St. Bernard, St. Catherine, John Fox, John Wesley, John Brown, Wm. L. Garrison, Channing, Parker, Lincoln, and the host of the unknown "who weary and nameless the straight hard pathway trod"—he arises and calls you fool and liar.

Man marches on—sometimes to defeat, sometimes to victory—not knowing the goal or even the way, but still he marches on. What is the secret of this indomi-

table faith, this high and holy courage? Why is it that some youth always carries the banner with strange device

> Excelsior, Excelsior?
> Higher, ever higher.

Is it his consciousness that he and his dream are one? Yes. Is it the feeling that his honor, his integrity, are embodied in his dreams, that honesty is loyalty to self, that to deny the child of his soul is to deny himself? Yes, all these man doggedly affirms in his devotion to his dreams.

But again we ask why? And we can make no other answer than, "it is because man is as he is." Life is as it is. If man is to live at all, he must live as a creator, as a determinate of his destiny. Listen to Clarence Darrow, who asserts that man is the slave of chance, the plaything of atoms, the mere mechanic that records the story of implacable fate upon the pages of history, listen to him plead with earnest passion for more intelligent and kindly treatment of the criminal. Then you realize the meaning of the words "Man the Creator." Darrow, the man, denies all he says as Darrow, the thinker. He pronounces man dead—a walking corpse—but in his own voice he speaks for man, saying "I am not dead but alive." Call it a miracle, if you will, this is the dramatic climax of the tragic-comedy we call life,—man standing in this infinitesimal moment called the present and assaying the role of God, the Creator and Savior.

If we must take life as it is, which means we cannot answer the human riddle, are we then doomed to knock forever on doors that never open? Are we never to find a room in which we can find rest and peace, must we ever move "down the lonely corridor to the black door with silver the handle," passing rooms whose portals, closed and locked forever, conceal the secrets of life?

The closed doors are never opened; the rooms of peace and understanding are never entered by those who dare not face life, who reject what the past returns to them. These are doomed to a sterile succession of fleeting moments in which the responses of feeling become weaker and weaker as the years go by. In the end the body is as a candle burned to its socket.

But courageous, truth-seeking, fact-acknowledging men and women have knocked on doors that have opened, and entered rooms in which they found peace and understanding. These, they have discovered to be sacred places, each one a Holy of Holies reserved for a High Priest of Life.

Within one room man finds that in the social memory of man there remains the sacred traditions of the power of love, the reality of justice, the potency of honor, the appealing power of beauty. These and many other treasure troves are in this holy place, which all men may enter when they pronounce "sesame," which being interpreted is "the open mind and the aspiring heart." In the silence of this room, amid the roar of the wheels of time, man finds a resting and abiding place for his faith, his faith in himself and his ideals which are a part of himself.

But there is another room the door of which responds to the magic word. This is the door of personal memory that belongs to his own intimate and individual self. Once within, he finds himself in the space that is before time was. In that place one is beyond the Holy of Holies, one is face to face with that ineffable goodness that men have in their weakness and might, in their ignorance and wisdom, called God, face to face with the primal stuff of which all that is real to man is made. He is where all judgments of good and evil vanish and where life is known as life and life alone.

This door opens into the room of memory whose walls extend far out into the central mystery of all being. Here we see ourselves as products of the past. Here are the precious memories of childhood, long since grown dim in the experience we call life. But here they are pure gold. Memories of devotion, sacrifice of long hours of patient care when we were weak and helpless. Stripes laid upon us long, long ago have in the astral light of this room been transformed into loving caresses of vanished hands. In this presence we bow our heads in silent devotion and feel these memories clinging to us as tender vines whose blossoms shed a delicate perfume over our inmost selves. We know that we are not alone. We carry with us the hopes, aspirations and devotions of those whose very life we are.

Here are memories of courageous deeds done for us by men and women who wrought out of the past some of the superstructure of the City of God.

Memories of dreams we once had are here that now challenge us to nobler effort. Memory of loves that purified and enriched hover about us in this room of endless space. In it are the stories of those who forgot life that truth and justice might live in the world; of the men and women who asserted in the midst of defeat and disappointment the reality of their dreams, who carried from generation to generation the sacred torch,—who never yielded to dishonor or bowed their heads to the God of Power.

Far down the vast spaces of this room of memory we find those lost dreams of our youth, of those moments when we caught a glimpse of that light which never was on sea or land. There is revealed to us inner beauties of life which give us a new sense of the worth and dignity of the self we call our own.

Other memories are there—those that seemed to blight and scorch life in moments when hot passion raged. Those which clung and would not go. Hateful, bitter memories that we thought might poison and shrivel life. Where are they? When we are in the presence of life that includes the whole, we have passed "beyond good and evil." The memories we thought

bitter have by the alchemy of time been changed to memories of lessons learned. We stumbled to rise. We failed in one way that we might find strength for the way of life. We went up the blind alley that we might write, "No Thoroughfare" over the entrance on our return.

But in the farthest spaces, far out into the dim unknown, we find those precious memories of loved ones who once walked with us on the hard and on the smooth ways of life. In the quiet of this starless space, we commune with these with joy in our inmost hearts. The bitterness and anguish and loneliness that once was ours have been transfused into an unmeasurable thankfulness. The pain of loss has been overcome by the memory of those who enriched our lives by their love and devotion.

We only really enter the room of memory when we are prepared, as the ancient mystic was, for membership in his religious cult, or as the candidate for knighthood was made ready for the honor to be bestowed upon him by solemn prayer and meditation. But it is with this difference, our preparation begins as the door of the room opens and our purification increases farther and farther as we go within. It is by memory that we are purified and given the "strength of ten" to proceed. For the truth is that there is pain as well as joy in memory, and he who would have the joy must be able to endure the pain. For if we hesitate, if we deny, if we refuse to look, we refuse to learn and in that moment we are in the corridor and the door is closed.

Let no one even venture to knock at the door of memory unless he has great courage. From it all lesser souls turn away. He who would live, he who would escape the fleeting moment, must endure the pain. It costs to live. Effort is the inescapable law of life. He who is weak and timid, he who dares not face his life and see it whole, must pay the price,—the price of passing the door of the room of memory. He is doomed to existence in the fleeting moment.

For life as love is inexorable in its demand that we pay, pay, pay. We hardly need say, that we speak not of mere passing memory, the chance recall of a vanished past that leaves us in the fleeting moment. We speak of memory that has in it the sacredness of life, the recognition of the past as the living present; of ourselves as the depositors of riches that are beyond the values of the market place; of memory as a demand on life for life. It is our memories that reveal us to ourselves, that compel us to recognize ourselves, as living, growing, creative beings rather than dead bits of flotsam and jetsam on a sea of despond. So long as man catches up into the fleeting present, the living past, he will seek for the enrichment and enlargement of life. This does not say what life is, but what memory does to existence. It makes existence life. Memory, seizing the dead past cast up by the ebb current of time, attaches the past to the living being and thereby life eludes the fleeting moment called the present and we, made by that fact creative beings, enter into the life process itself. Now we interpret the future in terms of hope. We do not walk to defeat, to an eternity of black despair, but to the accumulation of experience which even now reveals the challenging beauty of love and justice and peace in the lives of men and women. For man's victory is not in the end but in staying on the way.

When the life process, call it God if you will, achieved memory, man arose from the earth and took his place on the right hand of the throne. For in memory man found his judge and his Savior, his escape from the pitiless moment into this place as part of the creative process. With memory he overcame time and outwitted space, and stood erect as man, not beast, a child of life and director of its destiny.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

A Reply to the Peabody Appeal to the Ministers of the United States Concerning the War Debts

Frederick W. Peabody, Esq.
Dear Sir:

I am one of the ministers who have been greatly concerned over the war-debts from the first. In fact, I had deeply regretted the horrid precedent of the Bismarck indemnity inflicted on France, grave as was France's blame for getting into that war.

What concerns me now in your plan is, that you do not seem to be satisfied that the Great War is over and behind us, while you address our people as if they were still a party of belligerents, victorious, to be sure, but still possessed by the war lies that represented their side as good, but the other side as very wicked. Is it possible that you still believe in the doctrine of the *sole blame of Germany,* in the face of all the facts which show up the malign influences on the side of the Allies making for war as cruelly as German militarism foreboded war? Indeed, if German provocation gave the United States an excuse for war, did not the unscrupulous conduct of England upon the sea give the same kind of excuse? I do not need to remind you that the party which seeks an excuse rarely fails to find it. But are you at all satisfied, as a lover of goodness, that the United States was truly and fully justified for our part in the war?

What I want is to see *all* of us now, the United

States not less than France and Austria and Bulgaria and Germany, taking *all around:* "We have all erred and done each other immense injustice!" Our orthodox fathers used to talk about "conviction of sin"; there was something deep behind the crude phrase. Just as long as men think of themselves as "the righteous" over against other men as less respectable than we are, you can never have the free and humane attitude which war has destroyed, and which peace, if genuine, restores.

Therefore, we want you to tell us (for it is pretty close to the heart of the complex problem) whether you fully include Germany in your list, as well as her allies, and on a suitable parity with France and Belgium? Is it possible that you proceed without as much as mentioning the cruelty wrought upon Germany by forcing her to act the part of the scape-goat for us to chase into the wilderness? Is it possible that, in the matter of actual reparations (if it were tolerable for either side to talk of such assessments any longer!), we are not bound to reckon the awful waste of German civilian life-blood in that dire winter at the close of the war, when the Allies unscrupulously continued to enforce their blockade while Germany starved? All this after the Armistice! May I not press the question: Who are *we* to offer forgiveness, and not in the same breath also to ask for forgiveness? How else, my dear sir, do you read your New Testament?

Yours with great respect,

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Letters from China and the Orient

Of all the efficiently hospitable people in the world, surely the Japanese come first. Some folks,—the tropical southern peoples,—are languorously hospitable, but hardly efficient. Others, like *us,* have a reputation for efficiency but no time to be hospitable. But I have never forgotten how Mr. Saito, of the Tokyo Y. M. C. A., handled my last year's visit through Japan, arranging in a day and a half three lectures and three interviews with the men I most wanted to meet,—not to mention a few teas and luncheons.

This year again I wrote him that I was coming and that my time, such as it was, was at his disposal. I sent the letter via Seattle, which is shorter than the San Francisco route by about four days; I thought he might receive it a few days before my arrival. Three days out at sea before reaching Yokohama I got a radio message. "Interview arranged with Inouye Governor Bank Japan, Monday, two o'clock."

The Dollar Line, however, was not so hospitably efficient as Mr. Saito. The day before landing the "President Madison" decided to go slow. We reached Yokohama and tied at the dock about 1:45 P. M. instead of 7 A. M. as scheduled. As I walked down the gang-plank I heard my name called, and a young man presented the card of Mr. Saito, explaining that he was Mr. Saito's secretary sent down to Yokohama to meet me. . . . I learned afterward that he had been waiting at the dock since seven that morning.

We took the interurban up to Tokyo, a forty-minute run, and reached the Bank of Japan some three-quarters of an hour late. Fortunately, it didn't matter, for Junnosuke Inouye had been called out to a cabinet meeting and had just returned. He is considered the man of the hour in Japan today. Not in all the years of modern Japan's existence has there been such a financial crisis as the one which is just now passing. Prof. Harada in Honolulu told me it had shaken Japan's whole life much more than the earth-quake. Inouye was called back to be head of the Bank of Japan for the sake of restoring public confidence.

The bank itself and the trip up to it was a strange combination of east and west. The interurban whizzed along from station to station between construction jobs as modern and as noisily progressing as anything in New York. But in and out moved men and women clad in neatly compact kimonos, pattering on wooden clogs across the pavements. Often the women had babies tied to their shoulders, gay scarlet, blue or yellow little bundles bound to their mother by a long scarf and clinging to her like a squirrel to a tree-trunk.

The massive Bank of Japan might have been set in any European city. But the tiny little office boys who pattered to meet us and took our cards, bowed low before us with an atmosphere of utter submission and reverence which startled me. Later, during my interview, one of these small boys entered from time to time with a message on a salver; each time he waited with head and shoulders bowed forward in a deference so extreme that he seemed to be begging for some ultimate mercy on his soul. Certainly Japan makes no claims to democracy; and certainly also, these bows are a mere ceremony; but they brought back vividly the atmosphere of feudalism.

The room in which we talked was a mingling of Japanese and European styles. The massive walls, inlaid wood floor and plate-glass window might have been a fine building in Berlin. But the wall was panelled in exquisite Japanese tapestries, on a kind of cut velvet, showing mountainous ridges of cherry-blossoms, emerging from fog, or peasant huts of the northern islands covered with snow, or the ever-present Fuji.

I had hoped to go to Mr. Inouye already informed about the financial panic, reserving his time for important questions of policy. But the late arrival of the Dollar Line compelled me to ask him for the most elementary facts of the panic. The Taiwan Bank (Bank of Formosa) a semi-government affair on which the currency of Formosa is based, made loans amounting to $150,000,000 to a single firm, the Suzuki Company. This company failed and the bank was involved heavily.

To save the situation, the Japanese government passed a bill giving government aid to the Taiwan Bank directly from the national budget. The Privy Council of the Emperor, (one remembers that Japan is far from a democracy and the Privy Council is above the "government,") vetoed this bill. The Taiwan Bank fell, and the government fell also.

Within two days, on April 18 and 19, some twenty lesser banks had fallen. On the 21st, another large bank, with fifty million dollars capital and one hundred and fifty million deposits, also failed. Panic started all over Japan. Everywhere there were runs on banks.

The notes of the Bank of Japan, issued to all these lesser banks as currency against securities, doubled in circulation in a few days.

A moratorium was declared by the government, and the banks at once announced two days holiday to cover the time till the moratorium should begin. For three weeks all financial activities were held up while a special session of Parliament planned finances. Briefly it authorized the Bank of Japan, (which is purely a bank for other banks,) to make loans on poorer securities and for greater amounts than their usual custom, agreeing to reimburse losses thus incurred to the amount of $250,000,000. Another hundred million was used to strengthen the Taiwan Bank. The moratorium ended May 12 and business is again resuming, much shaken.

I asked Mr. Inouye if it was true that the panic cost the country more than the earth-quake. He said:

"Undoubtedly. The earth-quake was an actual destruction of more materials, but it was localized. This panic is the worst strain we have ever lived through in Japan. It penetrated every corner of the islands including of course Formosa. In business groups were no bright faces; everyone was nervous, almost hysterical. One firm after another was failing because it couldn't get its money out of the banks. Some 400 million yen of deposits were thus tied up. . . ."

It makes one realize how intricate and interrelated is modern society. It seems to consist more in relations than in actual materials; like the atom, which is now discovered to be not matter at all, but a relation between various charges of electricity. The earthquake destroyed houses, railroads, human beings in vast quantities; but it was all in one place; moreover it was an "act of God," something outside the social organism. So the social organism reacted by uniting to overcome the earthquake;—and succeeded. . . . But now comes a flaw in the interrelations of human organizations, a maladjustment between Suzuki, the Bank of Taiwan, the Parliament. And suddenly all the productive organization of a nation is shattered. Sound businesses, with goods in warehouses, well-managed factories with endless looms in good condition and endless people to tend them,—people that never heard of Taiwan or Suzuki,—find themselves like a paralyzed or epileptic man in whom a nerve center is injured. Obviously relations are more important than materials.

We talked last night with several Y. M. C. A. workers about young life in Japan. In spite of much modernism in the economic and financial spheres, nine-tenths of the marriages still take place in the ancient manner, by go-between and without courtship. There is no co-education after the primary grades. The lot of the educated woman is lonely; even the average educated man prefers as wife the "old style" woman, wonderfully trained to minister to every male need and comfort. He wants relaxation rather than companionship from women.

At a recent commencement of the Imperial University, Mr. Saito himself, in making an address, told the graduates that large numbers of parents of educated daughters had applied to him to act as go-between in finding responsible Christian men as husbands. . . . "Some of you might like to come around to my home and see the photographs and descriptions," he added, seriously. "Possibly you might become interested in some of them."

This is suggested to American Y. M. C. A. and institutional churches—John Haynes Holmes please take notice. If the church considers marriage a sacrament, why not help organize the preliminaries. Surely a good go-between would be a godsend to the maidens of New York. It might "attract young people" to the church, how to accomplish which is admittedly today a problem.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

China Sea, May 18.

A bewildering week impossible to condense into a letter. I am already in a different world and do not know how much any of you know about it, or which of my remarks will be already commonplace, and which will be not understandable due to lack of background.

On the boat from Kobe here I met Hu Shih, known as one of the leaders in the Chinese Renaissance, which was the simplification of the alphabet and the use of common life for literature. He had spent ten days in Japan. He told me he had a stack of calling cards two inches thick left by Japanese interested in China, some of them coming at six A. M. to see him. Japanese people are so sympathetic with Chinese Nationalists that they force their government into line, he said, and even the present premier, Tanaka, a military man with past of anti-Russian, anti-Chinese policy, will hardly dare go counter to it.

Other side-lights since arriving throw more light on Japan and China. Japan is alleged to be much disappointed with Chang Tso Lin, her northern Manchurian war-lord whom she has helped finance. He flooded Manchuria with millions of paper currency, ruining Japanese merchants. When the coinage sank, he executed a score of exchange brokers. . . . Even England is annoyed with Chang Tso Lin, who apparently exceeded his authority in the Peking raid on the Soviet Embassy. . . . It is generally accepted here that the British Minister, (backed up by MacMurray) instigated this raid, but did not intend it to lead to executions. Now it embarrasses them to be held responsible in all radical Chinese eyes for handing over Chinese leaders to the strangling squad.

Japan sees that the Nationalists are bound to win in some form or other. She is now trying to get inside relations and control. . . . Rumors are about of the service of Japanese advisers offered to Chiang kai Shek. Japanese boats on the Yangtse have discontinued running for want of cargo, so the Japanese consul is trying to get from his government permission to charter a ship himself to keep open communications.

To return to Hu Shih. He is for the Nanking group of nationalists and against the Hankow group. The Nanking crowd claimed that theirs is an anti-communist purpose; the Hankow that theirs is a civil government versus military domination. Each is trying to make the conflict appear in the light of its own slogans. . . . Hu Shih based hopes on the presence with Chiang kai Shek of three or four old men, whom he proudly stated were "over sixty"; their age was their strong point in his eyes, carrying with it, as he said, great moral prestige and with Chiang the military power, and T. V. Soong the financial ability, Nanking would succeed. Otherwise he foresaw chaos for another twenty years.

I went especially to T. V. Soong at once. Remembering him from Canton, and knowing his financial genius, I intended to base my estimate of the two groups on his views. I don't know how much I dare quote of him. His personal freedom is hardly safe, and perhaps even his life may be threatened. But he

has not gone in with the Nanking crowd and has no intention of doing so. He advised me personally to go to Hankow at once as the most important place to see real changes.

T. V. Soong is older than when I saw him in Canton. Then he was a brilliant youth, Harvard graduate, clever in finance; now he is a man who has experienced the deep clashes of human life. He built up a bank until it was the best in China, and a year later saw it seized by the military party of his own organization, and steadily ruined. He has been mobbed by irate workers with wages overdue. . . . But when I left him he was hoping to "join me in a month or two in Peking,"—meaning after the nationalists take that city. He could not go up to Hankow now if he would, (and I think he wants to go); for Chiang in collusion with the British authorities searches all boats on the river, and takes off alleged "communists" for court martial.

Soong dispassionately analyzed for me the mistakes of both groups. In central China, around Hankow and especially south in Changsha, (where the famous "Yale in China" was), the peasants and workers got out of hand and often made absurd demands. The government could not control them; Soong wanted to know how Russia managed to control its workers. . . . But this control was now getting better. . . . As corroboration of this, I have just heard from a missionary whose home is Changsha, that the Hankow government has ordered the trade unions to evacuate the seized Mission premises and that she understands they have done so. These premises were "seized" gradually. First by a half-consent of the mission they used the chapel twice weekly for meetings and the gate-house for an office; gradually as foreigners evacuated, they occupied more buildings for headquarters. In many cases rent was offered, but the sudden depreciation of currency makes payment impossible.

However, Nanking's defiance of the authority of the Executive Committee by a military man, seems to Soong, and to others, more serious, continuing the same old troubles that have ruined China. Graft is rampant; specific instances show that officials through whom purchases of the Nanking government pass, make 100% on the transactions. I dare say graft is rampant in other parts also, including Hankow. Raids, searchings and round-ups of "communists," which means any labor leader, keeps the Chinese city in terror. Now for the first time, the British Settlement allows extradition of political offenders, these offenders being labor leaders.

Britain's partisanship is interestingly shown otherwise. While she helps Chiang against Hankow, she helps the north against Chiang, who with all his faults is a nationalist still, capable some day of reuniting with the Hankow group. On his drive to Peking he has to cross the Yang Tze. His opponent, retreating north, takes all the railroad rolling stock. Chiang's troops have to walk. He desires to ferry some locomotives and cars cross the river from the southern stretch of railway, but Britain prevents, alleging the "interest of British bond-holders of the railway." Some say they even threatened to blow up Nanking if he tried to take the rolling-stock across. Many times in the past they have intervened by their control of this railway, giving their favorite general the right to use it.

This letter, as I fear, becomes a hodge-podge. But I want to guess a little at the future. Matters are not so hopeless as they seem on the surface. While the split is a real one and a dangerous one, yet the two nationalist groups are prevented from fighting each other by the fact that they would lose tremendously in morale by doing so. They can keep morale, which wins Chinese victories almost unaided by guns, only by advance towards Peking. So both sides are advancing. . . . The Hanking crowd tries to harry Hankow through its allies in the far interior, but these are not very strong.

Both sides announce that eventual unity will come. Nanking says it will come by elimination of the Communists after which the rest of Hankow will submit. Hankow says that "as soon as we reach Peking, we will issue a call for a Unity Congress to settle these matters." Legally, the Executive Committee of the Kuomintang has not met since the split, neither side having a quorum, though Hankow has many more of the original members than Nanking has. . . . A large proportion of the Executive members (there are 36 in all) refuse to go with either group, but simply say in effect: "Get to Peking, boys, and then we'll meet and talk it over."

Whoever gets to Peking first will have strong cards in the game of bargaining for position. Feng evidently will get there first. Nanking and Hankow both claim him. Certainly at present he is acting with Hankow, being forced to by geography and the fact that he gets his munitions from that group. What he will do when he is no longer dependent on them, no one knows. . . . It is my guess that he will pose as adherent of neither but as the man who called the Unity Congress and brought the Kuomintang together.

All this means that eventual unity is still possible. It will not be absolute, disciplined unity of America or Russia; it will be more like the semi-disciplined unity of Calles' government, in which popular military leaders cannot at once be deposed by fiat, but must be handled gently. . . .It will be, I imagine, definitely more unified and disciplined than Mexico, and certainly a great advance over the past few years. This much I think we may see in China before the snows fly in Peking,—a Nationalist government, based on "allies" not entirely united and not entirely disciplined to a central civil control, (even perhaps engaging in the suppression of each other's adherents) but far more united and disciplined than anything China has had yet.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Shanghai, May 25.

The Waterfall

(Loquitur)

Eager I seek a brink.
It matters not how steep the precipice,
My swelling breast glows with the expectation of delight.
Too long have I wandered in cool forests,
Rippling lazily over mossy stones, amid soft, enticing fern.
Life I desire, yes, life and still more life,
No rock again shall drive me from my course.
I care not whither so it be toward the sea.
Already I smell the salt, the cleansing salt,
Nothing shall keep me back!
The edge is near, I come, behold I come!
Home to the ocean, home—
I
Plunge!

DOMBEY SHEPHERD.

For UNITY.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART III—CHAPTERS XIII and XIV

In India

So I sailed for home. Mauritius was one of the ports of call, and as the boat made a long halt there. I went ashore and fairly acquainted myself with the local conditions. I was for a night the guest of Sir Charles Bruce, the Governor of the Colony.

On arrival in India I spent some time in going about the country. It was the year 1901 when the Congress met at Calcutta under the Presidentship of Mr. (now Sir) Dinshaw Wacha. And, of course, I attended it. It was my first experience of the Congress. From Bombay I traveled in the same train as Sir Pherozeshah Mehta. For I had to speak to him about the conditions in South Africa. I knew the kingly style in which he lived. He had engaged a special saloon for himself and I had orders to take my opportunity by traveling in the saloon for one stage. So I went to the saloon and reported myself at the appointed station. There were in the saloon, besides him, Sir Dinshaw Wacha, and Mr. (now Sir) Chimanlal Setalvad. They were discussing politics. As soon as Sir Pherozeshah saw me, he said, "Gandhi, it seems nothing can be done for you. Of course we will pass the resolution you want. But what rights have we in our own country? I believe that so long as we have no power in our own country you cannot fare better in the Colonies."

I was taken aback. Sir Chimanlal seemed to concur in the view, Sir Dinshaw cast a pathetic look at me.

I tried to plead with Sir Pherozeshah, but it was out of the question for one like me to prevail upon the uncrowned king of Bombay. I contented myself with the fact that I would be allowed to move my resolution.

"You will, of course, show me the Resolution," said Sir Dinshaw to cheer me up. I thanked him, and left them at the station where the train stopped next.

So we reached Calcutta. The President was taken to his camp with great *eclat* by the Reception Committee. I asked a volunteer as to where I was to go. He took me to the Ripon College where a number of delegates had been put up. Fortune favored me. Lokamanya was also put up in the same block as I. I have a recollection that he came a day later.

And as was natural, Lokamanya would never be without his *darbar*. Were I a painter, I could paint him as I saw him seated on his bed—so vivid is the whole thing in my memory. Of the numberless people that called on him, I can recollect today only one, namely, the late Babu Motilal Ghose, Editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*. Their loud laugh and their talks about the wrong-doings of the ruling race cannot be forgotten.

But I propose to examine in some detail the appointments in this camp. The volunteers were clashing against one another. You asked one of them to do something. He delegated it to another, and he to a third, and so on; and the delegates were neither here nor there.

I made friends with a few volunteers. I told them some things about South Africa and they felt somewhat ashamed. I tried to bring home to them the secret of service. They seemed to understand, but service is no mushroom growth. It presupposes the will first, and then experience. There was no lack of will on the part of those good simple-hearted young men but experience they had none. The Congress would meet three days every year and then go to sleep. What training can one have out of a three days' show once a year? And the delegates were all of a piece with the volunteers. They had no better or longer training. They would do nothing themselves. "Volunteer, do this thing," "Volunteer, do that thing," were their constant orders.

Even here I was face to face with untouchability in a fair measure. The Tamilian kitchen was far and away from the rest. To the Tamil delegates even the sight of others whilst they were dining meant pollution. So a kitchen had specially to be made for them in the College compound, walled in by thatch. It was full of smoke which could choke you. It was a kitchen, dining room, washroom, all in one—a close safe with no outlet. To me this looked like a travesty of Varnashramdharma. If, I said to myself, there was such untouchability as between the delegates of the Congress, one could but imagine the extent to which it existed amongst their constituents. I heaved a sigh at the thought.

There was no limit to insanitation. There were pools of water everywhere. Latrines there were few, and their stink still oppresses me. I pointed it out to the volunteers. They said pointblank: "That is not our work, it is the scavenger's work." I asked for a broom. The man stared at me in wonder. I procured a broom and cleaned the latrine. But that was for myself. The rush was so great, and the latrines were so few that they needed to be cleaned every time they were used and that was more than I could do. So I had to content myself with simply ministering to myself. And the others did not seem to mind the stench and the dirt.

But that was not all. Some of the delegates did not scruple to use the verandah outside their rooms for calls of nature at night. In the morning I pointed out the spots to the volunteers. No one was ready to undertake the cleaning, and I found no one to share the honor of doing it with me. Conditions have since considerably improved, but even today thoughtless delegates are not wanting who disfigure the Congress camp by committing nuisance wherever they choose, and all the volunteers are not always ready to remove it.

I saw that if the Congress session were to be prolonged, conditions were quite favorable for the outbreak of an epidemic.

Clerk and Bearer

There were yet two days for the Congress session to begin. I had made up my mind to offer my services at the Congress office and gain some experience. So as soon as I had finished the daily ablutions on arrival at Calcutta, I proceeded to the Congress office.

Babu Bhupendranath Basu and Mr. Ghoshal were the secretaries. I went to Bhupenbabu and offered my services. He looked at me and said: "I have no work, but possibly Mr. Ghoshal might have something to give you. Please go to him."

So I went to him. He scanned me and said with a smile: "I can give you only clerical work. Will you do it?"

"Certainly," said I. "I am here to do everything that is not beyond my capacity."

"That is the right spirit, young man," he said. Addressing the volunteers who surrounded him, he said, "Do you hear what this young man says?"

Then turning to me he proceeded: "Well then, here is a heap of letters for disposal. Take that chair and begin. As you see, hundreds of people come to see me. What am I to do? Am I to meet them, or am I to answer these busybodies inundating me with letters? I have no clerks to whom I could entrust this work. Most of these letters have nothing in them but you will please see them. Acknowledge those that are worth it, and refer to me those that need a considered reply."

I was delighted at the confidence reposed in me.

Mr. Ghoshal did not know me when he gave me the work. Only later did he enquire about my credentials.

I found my work very easy—the disposal of that heap of correspondence. I was done with it in no time and Mr. Ghoshal was very glad. He was talkative. He would talk away for hours together. When he learned something from me about my history, he felt rather sorry to have given me clerical work. But I reassured him:

"Please don't worry. What am I before you? You have grown gray in the service of the Congress and are as an elder to me. I am but an inexperienced youth. You have put me under a debt of obligation by entrusting me with this work. For I want to do Congress work, and you have given me the rare opportunity of understanding the details." "To tell you the truth," said Mr. Ghoshal, "that is the proper spirit. But young men of today do not realize it. Of course, I have known the Congress since its birth. In fact, I may claim a certain share with Mr. Hume in bringing the Congress into being."

And thus we became fairly good friends. He insisted on my having my lunch with him.

Mr. Ghoshal used to get his shirt buttoned by his bearer. I volunteered to do the bearer's duty, and I loved to do it, as my regard for elders was always great. When he came to know this, he did not mind my doing little acts of personal service for him. In fact he was delighted. Asking me to button his shirt, he would say, "You see, now, the Congress secretary has no time even to button his shirt. He has always some work to do." Mr. Ghoshal's naivete amused me, but did not create any dislike in me for service of that nature. It is simply impossible to calculate the benefit I had from this service.

In a few days I came to know the working of the Congress. I met most of the leaders, I observed the movements of stalwarts like Gokhale and Surendranath. I also noticed the huge waste of time there. I observed, too, with sorrow even then, the prominent place that the English language occupied in our affairs. There was little regard for economy of energy. More than one did work of one, and many an important thing was no one's business at all.

Critical as my mind was in observing these things, there was enough charity in me to see that it might be after all impossible to do better in the circumstances, and that saved me from undervaluing any work.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Trillium Time

May 4.—It is a grey day and the country is rather less interesting than I expected. Perhaps, because March and early April were so warm and beautiful. To be sure an occasional apple-tree is in full bloom and a cherry tree here and there; marshes are yellow with marigolds; the bloodroot runs riot around the bases of stone, old walls and violets and spring beauties make gay patches of color along the roadsides; but the birds are strangely silent, indeed we have seen but few.

When we reached Arcady, the daffodils and narcissi gave a gay welcome. Great patches of mertensia looked like bits of blue sky, and the shy little violas had bravely weathered the winter and now gleamed purple and blue and white. The cherry, apple and pear trees were only in bud, but we were grateful for that, for we knew we should have the joy of watching them bloom.

In the wild-flower garden, where the dead leaves lie year after year, were great clumps of delicate Dutch-men's breeches, dog-tooth violets, yellow violets and purple ones. Spring beauties and anemones were in full bloom. Pink and white trillium were in bud and some of the yellow lady-slippers four inches high.

Oh, the joy and the peace of the country after the noise and smoke of town!

May 11.—A week has passed! Such a busy, happy week—full of surprises—pleasant and disappointing.

Of course we counted the lady-slippers, but discovered only seventeen. The dead leaves lie in piles, quite covering many of our treasures, but the sturdy plants will soon work their way through—all the stronger for their efforts. We hung orange baskets on the apple-trees for the cottage, but waited two days for the first pair of orioles to come down to feast. Now that we have arrived so early in the season, we hope to see them build their nests. The wrens scorned the little Japanese pagoda where they nested last year, and chose a two-apartment house in the same apple tree. The wood-peckers, or jays, had pecked away at the other opening until it is quite large enough to admit either of them, but the wrens won't have them about. Not another bird is permitted in that apple-tree, except the orioles. Mr. Wren sits on the blossom-

laden bough and warbles a song of approval to his mate each time she enters the apartment with a grass or a straw or a shred of bark in her beak. And how diligently she works! Sometimes the straw is so long, that she cannot enter the door with it. Then she looks gravely about, quietly lays the grass upon the bough and holds it with her feet; slowly, with the aid of beak and feet, draws the straw along until she gets hold of the end; then she looks all about as if to say "Wasn't that clever?" and darts into the house pulling the straw in after her.

It has been a week of clouds and rain, with fitful gleans of sunshine.

Several strange warblers, some of them quite blue, some yellow, paid us a visit on their way north, but others black and gold, are still here. The orioles come daily; now there are several pairs. Lord-like the cock only permits the hen to feed when he has finished. A robin has a nest in a huge hemlock tree and won't allow a jay or a woodpecker anywhere near it. A martin came to investigate the martin house but hasn't decided whether he will move in or not.

Our pet chipmunk has come out of his winter quarters and scampers to and from his home under the veranda with the nuts I toss out to him.

On a beam, close beside the pump, which is in constant use, a robin has begun to build her nest, while blue birds flit in and out of a little house which is suspended just above.

The belwort is in bloom in the wild flower garden, and several trilliums have opened. More lady-slippers have finally emerged from the leaves so that now we have counted twenty-seven.

We make numerous excursions to the woods and return with baskets full of hepatica, violets, maiden hair which is just beginning to unfurl, and columbine and the charming dainty rock-fern, both of which grow so close to the rocks that we can slip the hands under and peel them off like moss. These are so quickly transferred to the wild flower garden, rockeries or terrace wall that they scarcely know they have been moved. It will not be long before the humming-birds come down to sip the nectar from the columbine for this seems to be their favorite flower. While we were digging these we came across the largest land snake I have ever seen. It was very beautiful as it lay coiled, asleep, upon a sunny rock; striped black and gold and we watched it until it slithered away. It was more than five feet long. The natives call it a "Prairie Bull."

The marshes are beautiful with their great clumps of marigolds, and violets scattered about. The apple trees are covered with rose-colored buds and the wild plums a mass of white blossoms.

May 18.—Now the apple trees are a mass of pink blossoms. Today the orioles came down and sipped their nectar, then swung lightly on to the orange baskets and ate their fill. On one of the branches I saw a tiny bird—too small for a wren, I thought. It stood quietly on a blossom-laden branch, but suddenly rose, poised itself, and I discovered that it was a humming-bird. Head and back were quite black, the breast was grey with faint gleams of green. It fluttered from apple-blossom to apple blossom and then came close beside me, attracted by the columbine, but the blossoms were too tightly closed, so off he flew! How seldom we see these delicate creatures in repose. They seem to be always fluttering, even when sipping from the flowers.

The robin by the pump-house seems, at last, to be satisfied with her nest and today one charming blue-green egg is deposited there. I must look for another tomorrow. How interesting to watch them—a whir of wings and, almost before you realize that Mrs. Robin has left the nest, Mr. Robin sits complacently upon it. A gleam of blue against the green, and Mr. Bluebird sits upon a branch and sings. Out of the house, modest Mrs. Bluebird pokes her little brown head, looks carefully about, then off she flits and he enters the house.

The wild blue phlox is beginning to bloom and the violets are still lovely.

May 25.—Yesterday was an eventful day. We were determined to find more lady-slippers. For two years we have searched the woods without avail. We motored far afield, and searched one woods without success. The second woods was on a hill side—"the veritable place for lady-slippers," I remarked. We found colonies of gorgeous trillium—white, pink and some of them the deepest rose I've ever seen, almost red. We dug many of them but were soon off on our quest. Sure enough, we had not searched long before we found a clump of three, and close by, a clump of two. Then we scoured the woods and found a huge clump of eighteen! Such a thing was incredible—but there they stood—several of them in bloom. Only a stone's throw from them we found a clump of three and another clump of five. It was our most successful day; still we were not satisfied and promised ourselves that we would return and search again. What mattered it that we were tired and lame and drenched, for it had poured steadily all day long!

I looked in vain for another egg in the robin's nest the following day, but found none. However, on the second day, there it was and, the second day from that, it contained three, but no more were laid. The mother bird sat quietly upon them though scarcely an hour passed during the day without someone visiting the pump.

Yesterday I saw the first robin-fledging. He crouched upon a pergola close-by, looking straight ahead, and scarcely moving. On a tree, not far away, perched the parent robin emitting soft calls, to which the young bird apparently paid no attention. It was a dull-brown flecked with dun color, round and fluffy and almost as large as its parent. Suddenly it raised itself upon his tip-toes, stretched his head and flapped his wings ever so slightly. This called forth a sharp cry, a note of approval I suppose, from the parent. For five minutes I watched the bird, during which, he repeated its performance several times—each time a little steadier on its feet and a little stronger in its wings.

In the wild-flower garden two of the lady-slippers are in bloom, and several in bud. I counted one hundred and fifty lady-slipper plants, even clumps of ten, fourteen and twenty. When I recall that we never found more than seven in a clump, and those but rarely, I am delighted. It is interesting to see the young plants, scarcely larger than blades of grass, coming from the mother bulbs, and each year we feel more and more repaid for our labor in finding and transplanting them.

One of our favorite walks is the length of the wild-flower garden and back. We amuse ourselves by counting the lady-slippers. Each day we find more, for the wind blows the dead leaves off or over them; it parts the tall ferns and the lady-slippers peep through. One day, we may count four in a certain clump—a few days later two or three young sprouts may have shot up beside them. Often we are astonished to see a bloom gleaming through the tall ferns or trillium where we didn't know there was a plant.

In the bog garden, kept moist by the drippings from the pump, I planted pink, white and yellow lady-slippers last year. The pink ones were sent me by a friend from northern Michigan, and the white ones I bought, as they do not grow around here. To-day I counted twenty there and one—a white one—was in bloom. This is a delicate flower, shaped like the yellow ones, but without the hanging strings. The pink ones are only peeping out of the ground, but I recognize them because they are much more robust than the others and their leaves are hairy. How delightful if they bloom this year!

Many of the warblers are still with us; some resemble the canary—yellow and black, but the colors are reversed. Only a day or two ago, we found one dead upon the steps. It must have flown against the glass-enclosed veranda and killed itself.

Two scarlet-tanagers were here for several days, and we hoped that they would remain and nest. They seemed to feel at home. One stood on a low branching tree and whistled to us, then hopped onto the handle of the lawn mower and onto the ground beneath, though the man stood not more than six feet away, waiting to resume his mowing. But they soon deserted us.

Today was scarcely less eventful for, on a swinging branch of an oak we found an *oriole nest in the process of construction.* It was suspended from the limb, almost hidden by a cluster of young leaves. It looked as much like a bit of fish net gathered into a pouch as anything. One could see daylight through it. We watched it quietly until the mother-bird flew on a branch above it with, what looked like, a bit of string or fibre in her mouth. She looked about and then darted into her nest, where we saw her squirming about, pecking here and there, evidently darning the holes.

How strange it is that, though we have searched long and diligently for years, this is the first oriole's nest we have ever found before it was completed! What secretive creatures these birds are!

May 31.—The birds are having a busy time! It's rather pathetic to see the mother birds sitting upon their nests while the father birds roam the woods, gather insects from the trees or pick worms from the lawn, or splash about in the bird-baths!

Although there is a charming big bird-house on a tree just outside my window, the birds have scorned it, and the red-headed woodpeckers have bored a hole in the tree trunk, only two feet above it and there they are nesting. They come down often to feed upon the suet hung out for them. The robins have had a terrible time building a nest on the gable of a bird house outside the veranda. Of course, the grasses and twigs kept slipping off. After many attempts a nest was built, and then it slipped off. Nothing daunted, the robins rebuilt it, although the sparrows wouldn't give them any peace. The sparrows insisted upon occupying the house and didn't want such near neighbors. Many were the fights they had and, one day, robin's feathers strewed the ground and the nest was deserted. Then we plugged up the entrance to the house, so the sparrows couldn't enter. A few days later a pair of robins came and built a new nest on top of the old one and there Mrs. Robin sits now, on her eggs. We can watch her from the veranda.

In a tall shrub, close by the pump, the catbirds have built a nest. They are so friendly that we can go quite close without disturbing them.

The robins' nest close by is empty. One by one, the three little eggs disappeared—whether stolen by another bird or a squirrel, I do not know—but we saw bits of shell scattered about the ground.

The blue-birds and their young left their swinging house and, the next day, a pair of wrens took possession of it.

In a young leafless sapling, close by the house, is a warbler's nest with four tiny eggs.

I may be mistaken but it seems to me that there are not as many blue-jays about as usual; at any rate, I am sure they are not as noisy,

The oriole's nest is completed and the mother bird is sitting on her eggs. In about three weeks we hope to see the young.

Lady-slippers have graced our table the last few days. We cut sixteen one day, and there are many just coming into bloom. We can count on the blossoms for at least another fortnight.

Yesterday we lunched on fresh-caught pickerel on the bank of the lake and later went on a lady-slipper hunt. In our "enchanted woods" we could find none, so we explored another woods besides a little brook which had intrigued me for a long time. There we found about twenty-five, so you see how the wild-flower garden grows larger and larger.

As the month comes to an end, the country grows perhaps, less beautiful. The fruit-blossoms have fallen, except on the wild crab-apple trees in the woods. Those are still a deeper rose. But the grass is a deeper, richer green and the foliage of the trees is much denser. Less than a month ago we looked between the trunks of the almost-leafless trees to the lake. Now we have only glimpses of it here and there.

Hepatica, anemone, spring beauty are past. The trilliums stand erect in their white, pink and rose beauty. Violets are still in bloom, looking so fresh amongst the other foliage. The waxen blossoms of the mandrake tempts bee and humming bird. Blue phlox is in full bloom and the pink phlox beginning to blossom in sunny spots.

The columbine is a glowing mass of scarlet and gold. Lilacs, purple and white, almost hide the country houses. The honey-suckle gives forth its perfume and the graceful thorn-apple is coming into bloom.

The weather has been unusual; many clouds and almost daily rain. One would think that all the plants would be drowned out, but I think I have never seen them look better. The wild strawberry plants look vigorous and are heavily covered with white blossoms; the huckle-berry bushes already have tiny berries upon them.

H. S. N.

The Study Table

A Sacred Anthology

Since Moncure D. Conway published his "Sacred Anthology" years ago, the need for extra-Biblical readings has been recognized and has become insistent. From time to time other books of the kind have appeared—thus we have a half-dozen or more on our desk!—but still the available material is inadequate and the need therefore unsatisfied.

It is for this reason that we hail this latest volume* by Rev. Robert French Leavens. Described as a book of "readings on the meaning and conduct of life from ancient and modern sources," it contains selections from writers old and new, sacred and secular, mystical and social, priest, prophet and poet. The Old Testament and the New Testament are wisely included, as well as the religious books of Confucianism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, and Mohammedanism. Then come the great and familiar names—Plato, Aristotle, Epictetus, Augustine, à Kempis, Francis of Assissi, George Fox, Channing, Parker, Emerson, Carlyle, Stevenson, Amiel, Martineau, etc. Moderns are liberally represented—as see William James, Rupert Brooke, Elbert Hubbard, Charles W. Eliot, Jane Addams, Felix Adler, George Santayana, Tagore, Romain Rolland, Vachel Lindsay, Edwin D. Mead, etc. Most unusual items are William Bradford, the Charter of Rhode Island, Hymns of the Russian Church, the Magna Charta, the Constitution of the United States, and the Covenant of the League of Nations. Indeed, the book is unique in the original character of the selections—this is a supplementation to, not a duplication of, other and earlier anthologies. It is weak, if at all, on the side of comprehensiveness; there are amazing omissions, for example, such as Seneca, Euripides, Montaigne, Pope, Shelley, Ruskin, Thoreau, Phillips Brooks, Tolstoy and Mahatma Gandhi.

The volume is divided into three parts—Book I, Man in the Universe, including his relation to nature, his thought of immortality and God; Book II, the Conduct of Life, including such subjects as self-mastery, exemplary lives, and the home; Book III, the Commonwealth, including the themes of service to humanity, American ideals, the state, and the church. The editing has been done with elaborate and exact care. There are invaluable indices of titles, subjects, and authors. The volume itself is a model of printing on Bible paper, with full gildt edges, and flexible covers.

This book is indispensable to preachers and teachers, and a precious possession for all serious readers. We extend our thanks and congratulations to Mr. Leavens.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Great Companions," compiled by Robert French Leavens. Published by the Beacon Press, Boston.

Correspondence

In Answer to Mrs. O'Hare

Editor of UNITY:

As a former National official of the party, and acquainted with the circumstances, I have been asked to reply to Mrs. O'Hare's article, "Why We are Weary," which appeared in UNITY, issue of May 16th. Similar stories with the same distortion of facts have appeared from time to time. Explanations to Socialists who know the facts are not necessary, but when Mrs. O'Hare gains access to such a magazine as UNITY, perhaps it is as well to offer a few corrections.

Mrs. O'Hare's principal charges against the Socialist Party seem to be:

1. That because she supported the position of the party in opposition to the war, she was sent to prison after having been deprived of legal defense by the party.
2. That while in prison she was ignored by the party and that no efforts were made to effect her release.
3. That the party refused to co-operate with her in her efforts in behalf of the political prisoners from the farms of Oklahoma and Texas.
4. That because she persisted in her work for the unfortunate tenant-farmers, thus coming into conflict with an official of the party, she was "excommunicated" by a national convention and expelled from membership in the Socialist Party.
5. That the radical platform and press are closed to her.

The facts which I shall present will show: that the party did provide legal defense for her although she refused it; that it did give her attention while she was in prison; that she was released through the efforts of the party; that the Oklahoma prisoners were released by reason of new evidence secured by the party and presented to President Harding and the Attorney General; that she was *dropped* from membership in the party by Local St. Louis for nonpayment of dues and not by a national convention.

And, finally, if she has disclosed no more sense of loyalty and capacity for co-operative effort in her connection with various radical organizations than she did during long years of membership in the Socialist Party, it is not to be wondered at that the radical platform and press are closed to her if, indeed, this be true.

Legal Defense: Mrs. O'Hare did support the party in its war proclamation. But so did countless others—thousands who were never indicted or sent to prison, although the number of those who had that experience is large. She was indicted because of a speech she made on a public platform in North Dakota. I did not hear that speech and reports of it vary. She may have said that war is murder but Mrs. O'Hare was not alone by any means in speaking plainly on that question. She calls herself the first victim but does not mention the large number who shared martyrdom in that cause.

Mrs. O'Hare was not defended by the Socialist Party at her trial, because she refused the services of the "famous Socialist lawyer" selected by the National Committee as counsel in chief for the defense of all indicted Socialists, including the five national officials of the party. She preferred to select her own counsel and did so, much to her own satisfaction, apparently. She reminds me of the doctor who boasted of the successful operation that killed the patient. Mrs. O'Hare had expert defense—but she went to prison.

I say here, for the first time, that the real reason why the national organization was dissatisfied with Mrs. O'Hare was her refusal to co-operate with the National Office in its efforts to provide for the defense of all those who were victimized by the Espionage Act, not all Socialists, many of them poor and unknown and without influence or means of defense. Although she went on tour for the office, the receipts and collections from her lectures to go into the general defense fund, her own liberal fee and expenses to be paid by the office, she refused—as usual—to make necessary reports, or to work with the office, and from many sources came accounts of her scathing denunciation of the "officialdom" of the party in its handling of her interests. The office had to turn to other speakers to raise defense funds. Nevertheless, the officials expected and desired to provide for her the best possible defense it could procure. She refused it.

Neglect While in Prison: What an amazing statement!

Mrs. O'Hare may not have received a single communication from the National Office for more than a year. She says she did not. But they were written and Mrs. O'Hare is well aware of the interference with mail which continued long after the war ended. Surely she forgets how anxious the office was to secure from her something for publication that would arouse interest and give material for a campaign for her release. She mentions a hundred dollars contributed by the party to the expenses of the survey conducted by the Church Federation. But she omits all mention of the following:

> Early in 1920, her husband, Frank O'Hare, asked and obtained a hearing before the National Executive Committee then in session at the National Office. He requested that the party should send a lawyer to North Dakota to make a fresh investigation of the circumstances of her trial. The committee selected one of its own members, George E. Roewer, Jr., a very able and well-known attorney of Boston. He went to North Dakota, obtained twenty-five affidavits and together with a committee of which the present National Secretary of the Socialist Party, William H. Henry, was a member, went to Washington and presented the facts uncovered to A. Mitchell Palmer, then Attorney General of the United States. Mr. Palmer had the documents examined while the committee waited and before the interview ended declared that the case would be investigated at once.
>
> And in less than three weeks, Mrs. O'Hare was at liberty. On the walls of Mr. Roewer's office is a framed telegram from Mrs. O'Hare in which she gives him the entire credit for her release.

I am unable to say, without consulting records not now at hand, just how much it cost the Socialist Party to conduct the investigation and send the delegation to Washington. It is not material. The important thing is that the Party, at a time when it was fighting to maintain even the framework of an organization, burdened with a mortgaged headquarters and a debt of many thousands of dollars chiefly for defense of Socialists and others victimized by war legislation, gladly ignored its own hard circumstances and spent freely in her behalf.

The Children's Crusade: It is because my own motives might have been misconstrued that for five years I have refused to reply to Mrs. O'Hare's misleading account of this affair. I have asked no praise for anything I did in behalf of the political prisoners because, if praise be due, it belongs to the organization that employed me to do its work and carry out its orders. I was but the agent, and had I not been available for the work someone else would have done all I did and perhaps more than I did.

It is true that the prisoners referred to by Mrs. O'Hare were not members of the Socialist Party. But the party offered to help in their defense. These men had opposed the draft and under promise of a lighter sentence, they were induced to plead guilty to that charge, not knowing, apparently, that the indictments included other crimes such as murder and arson. After they went to prison, the National Office regularly sent money, food and clothing to the prisoners and to their dependents whose condition was quite as pitiful as Mrs. O'Hare describes. These facts Mrs. O'Hare conveniently forgets.

I was in charge of the Amnesty headquarters in Washington the winter of 1921-22 and had a number of interviews with officials of the Department of Justice in an effort to secure the release of the tenant-farmers. I found a most bitter prejudice against them. It was declared they were guilty of much graver crimes than I suspected; that one of the prisoners shared in the guilt of seven murders, that officers of the law had been slain in the discharge of their duties. President Harding had declared that this group would be the last to receive any consideration.

Upon my report of this situation to the National Office, Secretary Branstetter decided to send an investigator into Oklahoma to find whether these charges were true. I was selected for the task and I spent weeks in the state, studying trial records, interviewing officials and starting petitions for amnesty. No one unacquainted with the bitter prejudice of the time in that section can know how difficult it was to get people to discuss the political prisoners. Almost at once, however, I realized that the crimes reported to me in the Department of Justice had not been committed.

By an amazing chance, as I was driving about the country seeking the dependents of the politicals, I discovered that the driver of the Ford I had hired was one of the officers that had been "murdered," according to the records of the Department of Justice. My work was not so difficult after that. I was able to secure many statements and affidavits from leading conservative citizens to the effect that the famous "draft riot" was nothing but a pitiful herding together in the woods of a crowd of men and boys frightened and resentful over the draft; that they had offered no resistance but sought to escape when the officers found them and that no crimes of violence, of murder and arson, had been committed.

Reporting these findings to the National Office, I was notified to return and prepare to testify at a hearing on the amnesty bill in Washington on March 16th. The evidence was accordingly submitted to the Judiciary Committee of the House on that date, and the following day, accompanied by the Republican member of Congress from the district in which the draft trouble occurred, took my story and my evidence to President Harding. Everything I related was freely corroborated by the Congressman. Mr. Harding assured us that the cases would be reopened immediately and commutation of sentence for the tenant-farmers reconsidered.

Copies of the evidence were taken to the Department of Justice and a long interview was had with Mr. Finch, attorney in charge of pardons from whom all recommendations for clemency would come. He urged me, as necessary for favorable action, to secure the consent of the prosecuting attorney in the draft trial, who so far had refused to consider any commutation. By another fortunate chance, this lawyer was in Washington at the time and I got his withdrawal of opposition.

Altogether, we were confident and very well satisfied. But in the meantime, Mrs. O'Hare had gone to Chicago and proposed the Children's Crusade to Secretary Branstetter. He was not in favor of the plan at the time. It had been approved by a national convention of the party to be used after all other plans had failed and in any event, the consent of the National Executive Committee was necessary. Mr. Branstetter's objection was that the outlook was very favorable for the prisoners and he feared the picketing of the White House by the children would arouse resentment in Congress and antagonize the administration. He counseled delay. The matter was decided the following day when the office received a printed circular issued by Mrs. O'Hare from the office of the *Rip Saw* of which she was owner and editor. It solicited funds for the Children's Crusade—but it was part of a subscription getting drive for the *Rip Saw*. Mr. Branstetter felt that no organization and no individual should use the misfortunes of the political prisoners for personal profit and he refused to take part in the Crusade.

I, also, refused the invitation of the O'Hares to accompany them to Washington. I was honestly convinced that it was ill advised and felt compelled to refuse to take part.

Expelled by the National Convention: Surely Mrs. O'Hare is indifferent to the opinions of her former associates when she makes that statement. She knows that no convention and no national official has control over individual members, that jurisdiction rests entirely with the local to which they belong.

Mrs. O'Hare had made statements to delegates in advance of the convention reflecting very seriously, I remember, upon the National Secretary, and in the midst of the convention work he was called upon to explain his attitude in the matter of the Children's Crusade. Mr. Branstetter prepared a report and had it mimeographed and distributed. Delegates requested that it be read to the convention and it was read. That was all.

Months later the National Office was notified by Local St. Louis that the O'Hares had been dropped from the membership list, first, because they took no part in the work of the local and, second, because they were very far in arrears in dues. The O'Hares knew that the party rules and constitution compel the cancellation of delinquents.

Hardships: When Mrs. O'Hare was released from prison, the National Office offered employment to her and to her husband. Both accepted. Because of the long confinement in prison, it was arranged that she should lecture half time only. Her contract was for six months and her remuneration $400 per month and all expenses.

Barred from the Radical Platform and Press: This may be true. I know the general feeling while she was yet a member of the party was that the party could not afford

nor was benefited by her services. That she was for many years an agitator for Socialism is true, but it is not true that she was ever a constructive worker for the organization that lifted her from obscurity, that was her livelihood, her forum, that gave her "leadership" as she calls it, and which she has so sadly abused. Unfortunately, she is constitutionally incapable of sustained team-work.

Mrs. O'Hare, rather amusingly, says there is no phase of radicalism in the country she has not shared. That also may be true—in a sense. Even while under her last contract to the National Office of the Socialist Party, she was reported as endorsing a "legal" Communist party. She approved the Farmer Labor Party and offered to make the *National Rip Saw* its official organ, according to report. She sanctioned the Federated Farmer Labor Party and still later conferred her blessing upon the Workers (Communist) Party. I do not recall that she did any speaking in the La Follette campaign. I rather believe she did not. But, as a member of the National Campaign Committee, I know that she did register for employment—at a good, stiff fee—as a campaign speaker.

It may be that the institutions of which Mrs. O'Hare speaks, those hard-boiled concerns that know what they want and will pay good sums for the getting, are unconcerned over her past record. But the radicals of whom she complains *are* concerned over the records, and perhaps her record leaves them somewhat in doubt as to the quality of her radicalism.

BERTHA HALE KING.

Chicago, Illinois.

II

Editor of UNITY:

I have read with much interest the article by Kate Richards O'Hare. As Mrs. O'Hare is rather uncomplimentary to Socialists and radicals in general, as well as making assertions regarding the Socialist Party which I believe to be misleading, I hope that you will give space to this reply. As the writer was a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party during the period of which she writes, some of her statements amount to an impeachment of good faith of myself and associates in the executive of the party.

Mrs. O'Hare complains that when she came to trial in North Dakota no representative of the Socialist press was present. This is true. Our press managed to report only the trials of Eugene V. Debs, Congressman Berger and his associates and the members of the I. W. W. at Chicago. It was impossible for the Socialist press to cover all trials precisely, because they were not only too many but also because expense of publication mounted rapidly. Our papers were deprived of mailing privileges shortly after the United States entered the war. Mrs. O'Hare was sentenced in December, 1917, but did not enter the penitentiary until April, 1919. Of the hundreds of Socialist publications we had published only a few survived by the time Mrs. O'Hare's sentence was confirmed.

The trend of her whole letter is the assumption that Socialists were not concerned with her and other prisoners. The fact is that the Socialist Party used all its funds, went heavily in debt, and raised thousands of dollars solely for defense purposes. If we did not have a press representative in every court room where Socialists and radicals were on trial it was because we had no funds for this purpose.

More serious is her assertion that for more than a year after she went to prison, "Not a single communication ever came to me from the National Office of the Socialist Party, and no official ever visited me." I cannot say whether this is true, but I do know that the National Secretary repeatedly inquired of Mrs. O'Hare's husband, Mr. Frank O'Hare, regarding work and funds to obtain Mrs. O'Hare's release. I know this because the matter frequently came before each session of the National Executive Committee and in correspondence between sessions.

The result of our investigations was the discovery that Mr. O'Hare did not care to co-operate with us in this work. He organized his own defense work and raised his own funds despite our repeated attempts to induce him to co-operate in the work for the release of all political prisoners. This attitude of ignoring the organization and engaging in what in Socialist circles years before had come to be called "free lancing," continued until Mr. O'Hare had exhausted all outside resources. Then he came to the Socialist Party.

This final approach by Mr. O'Hare is of more than ordinary interest, because Mrs. O'Hare declares that Prof. William Edward Zeuch obtained the data on which she obtained her release. I do not know what Mr. Zeuch did in this matter, but the following facts may be verified by records in the National Office of the Socialist Party:

> After Mr. O'Hare had exhausted all resources outside the Socialist Party he came to Chicago where the National Executive Committee was meeting. He entered the meeting with tears in his eyes. He declared that if we could send a competent man to North Dakota he was confident that the man could obtain important affidavits that would aid in obtaining the release of Mrs. O'Hare. We had practically no funds. Mr. George E. Roewer of Boston, an attorney and member of the National Executive Committee, was selected to go to North Dakota. Mr. Roewer obtained the affidavits and they contributed to the freedom of Mrs. O'Hare. All this is a matter of record, yet Mrs. O'Hare makes no mention of it.

Mrs. O'Hare complains that her studies of prison and crime problems were ignored by radical publications. The writer is editor of *The New Leader*, a Socialist Party weekly in New York. He received a series of articles of the type mentioned written by Mrs. O'Hare and sent to radical publications through the office of the United Garment Workers. *The New Leader* printed quite a number of these articles although I, personally, knew that Mrs. O'Hare was no longer identified with the Socialist Party. I may say that I also saw some of these articles in other radical publications.

This letter is already too long or I would like to consider her criticism of the Socialist Party in relation to her "Children's Crusade" in full. This was a march to Washington made by Mrs. O'Hare and a group of children.

I have only this in answer: Mrs. O'Hare's "Children's Crusade" was like much of her other work when she was identified with the Socialist Party. She chafed at team-work and organized discipline. She obtained the idea of the crusade, made the decision, and then insisted that Socialist organizations along the route should adapt their work to suit her plans. It was another case of "free lancing" and another demonstration of inability to co-operate with a movement. Mrs. O'Hare always seemed to act on the assumption that the Socialist Party existed to serve her. We had another view of the relation of the organization to its members.

Throughout her letter Mrs. O'Hare leaves the impression that all her life she made large sacrifices for her radicalism, and this statement seems to have impressed Mr. Clarence R. Skinner to write his sympathetic rejoinder. I am not so impressed. My knowledge of Mrs. O'Hare's work in the Socialist movement was that she generally made terms with local Socialist organizations independent of State and National organizations. She was not satisfied with the compensation offered by these organizations and made other arrangements more satisfactory in a financial way. The writer and many other speakers always worked with the party organizations and for the fees they fixed. In the West, where Mrs. O'Hare did most of her work, she either made independent arrangements or induced organizations to accept her terms, and they often did so, as they did not have the knowledge of discipline and sense of organized team-work that organizations in the East did.

I regret having to break a lance with Mrs. O'Hare, but she has made some assertions that reflect on myself and other friends and I feel they are entitled to be heard.

JAMES ONEAL.

New York City.

A Sacco-Vanzetti Anthology

Editor of UNITY:

Unless Sacco and Vanzetti are set free, an anthology of poems of protest will be issued under the auspices of "Contemporary Verse." This anthology is now being compiled, and your immediate cooperation is earnestly solicited.

TO GENERAL SYMPATHIZERS

Please help us defray expenses by financial contributions or by placing orders with us for advance copies of the anthology (price $1.00, postpaid $1.10). Money will be returned if the book is not published. Profits, if any, will be given to the Defense Committee, or in the event of its dissolution, to the families of the men.

TO POETS

We want to see any poems you have written or may write on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, published or unpublished.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO THE LATE FRANK CARLETON DOAN

By the Summit (N. J.) Unitarian Church

The life of FRANK CARLETON DOAN gave assent to the principle stated by Alice Freeman Palmer: "It is people that count; you want to put yourself into people; they touch other people; these, others still; and so you go on working forever." The self which he gave so abundantly to those with whom he came in contact was a simple reflection of his own philosophy of religion.

By a natural clarity of insight he read life in terms of fellowship. The motif of that philosophy he found clearly stated in Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians: "But the greatest of these is love"—a love that suffereth long and is kind, that thinketh no evil, that hopeth all things, that is not easily provoked, that endureth all things.

He would have our social order permeated by such a faith and by such a practice.

Nor was his philosophy but an idealization of a visionary. Convinced that the highest life could be realized on no other foundation, he held aloft through the beauty of his own personality the torch of truth. Like the prophetic spirits of all time, he was not only willing but did on many an occasion, tread the path of loneliness, sustained by an inner vision of reality.

When the minds of others were swept from the moorings of sanity, he rode the whirlwinds of vituperation with a serenity of spirit, secure in his philosophy; conscious that the tempest would pass, for he counted the best moments of his brother men their true moments.

For evaluating the influence of such a life as that of FRANK DOAN, there are given to us no standards of measurement.

But, among the many he drew about him, during his ministry in Summit, and who felt the benediction of his ideals and his personality, we, of this small group, are conscious that he put something of himself into us which will endure as a precious heritage.

ON RELATIONS WITH LATIN-AMERICA

May 9, 1927.

To the Friends of International Justice:

We ask your moral and practical support in bringing about an essential fundamental change in the policy of our State Department towards our Latin-American neighbors.

Stripped of diplomatic disguises this policy comes easily within the definition of imperialism as every normal American understands that term.

As a direct result of this un-American policy the foundations of honorable friendship between the United States and the Latin-American republics have been seriously impaired. Distrust has been planted deep in the hearts of eighty million of our neighbors. A trade of almost two billion a year dependent upon their good will is needlessly endangered. Our moral prestige in the eyes of the whole world is badly damaged.

Not daring to avow the real motives for its violation of "the spirit of peace and good neighborship" to which our country is solemnly pledged, the State Department, in its frantic efforts to make the worse appear the better cause, has sunk to the lowest level. Its undemocratic secretiveness is unprecedented. It has inspired false propaganda against our neighbors. It has resorted to contemptible subterfuges to mislead the press and the people. The instability and inaccuracy of its public statements have made it impossible to rely upon its word.

Very recently it has been made to appear that those responsible for the conduct of our State Department have come to repentance and a better mind. It is an appearance, not a reality. No fundamental change has taken place. The roots of the evil remain undisturbed.

For such superficial change as appears at the moment public pressure and diplomatic necessity are alone to be credited. It is a mere tactical adjustment, not an ethical change. The Stimson mission promises little more than a beautiful funeral for Nicaraguan sovereignty. President Coolidge in the very speech in which he hastily capitalized the temporary calm in our relations with Mexico asserts the right of our government to interfere in the internal affairs of every country between the Rio Grande and the Panama Canal, using our own police (as he calls our marines) to order their affairs to our own liking. To object to this, he says, is to object to a policeman doing his duty!

Whatever the President says, this is imperialism, and leads inevitably to constant strong-arm intervention in the affairs of our neighbors, and ultimately to annexation. It is the very cause of the indignation of all self-respecting Latin-Americans. It is the international sore spot in the western hemisphere. Mr. Kellogg delights in rubbing it. He is doing it now in Nicaragua with cold steel. Mr. Coolidge defends his right to do it.

What are we going to do about it? We propose to make an upstanding fight for the old American tradition of "good neighborship" and against the crude unneighborly policy which the State Department seeks to set up as a national virtue. And we are in this fight to stay. We purpose to fight it out along this line if it takes all summer, and then all winter. After that we will see. Surely it is worth a good long hard fight to save the reputation for neighborly decency of a whole people.

How are we going about our big task? First, by getting the fact to the people that Dollar Diplomacy—as practiced by our State Department in the interest of a kind of diplomatically spoon-fed business that cannot stand upon its own legs in open market or open court—is destroying our good name abroad, and will destroy everything that depends upon a good name. Next, by supplying the facts that sustain this charge. Given the facts, there is enough sound-hearted democracy in the land for the people to react to them and force a reversal of this vicious policy and a return to the ways of good neighborship. The facts are within our reach. We shall use every legitimate means of making them public with telling effect.

We need your intelligent interest and generous support. With it we shall surmount all difficulties. The task must be accomplished. The happiness of two continents depends upon it. Let us enroll you as a friend and supporter of our work. Help us to find other friends. Give us the benefit of your best thought. Sign the enclosed card and return it with your check today. Make your check payable to W. P. Neville, Treasurer.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN F. MOORS,
President.
MERCER G. JOHNSTON,
Secretary.

What We Stand For

The National Citizens Committee on Relations with Latin-America is a voluntary, non-sectarian, non-partisan organization.

It stands for the application of four fundamental principles in the conduct of our relations with Latin-America:

1. A square deal for all the republics of the two Americas—for the least as well as for the greatest.
2. Settlement of controversies, not by force, but by Arbitration—in accordance with the policy specifically endorsed by the Government of the United States in its adherence to The Hague Convention twenty years ago.
3. Preservation and promotion of legitimate business by the restoration and development of friendly relations with our Latin-American neighbors.
4. Non-interference in the government and internal affairs of these countries.

This is a program upon which Americans of every creed and party can unite.

We reserve, of course, the right of selection. There will be no charge whatever for inclusion in this anthology, but contributors are strongly urged to help us defray expenses. Please pass on the news to fellow-poets and sympathizers and help us collect the necessary funds. In the happy event that these martyrs are freed, we shall be glad to consider your poems for the Social Vision number of "Contemporary Verse." Detailed information about the case can be obtained from the works on the subject by John Dos Passos and Felix Frankfurter, and from the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee.

Unless the men are freed, this book should be published next month. Immediate action is imperative. Help us make this protest heard. *Act at once!* Yours for freedom,

RALPH CHEYNEY,
LUCIA TRENT.

We believe our present Latin-American policy, as manifested in Nicaragua, Mexico and elsewhere, is in violation of every sound American tradition.

We seek to restore the good will and friendly relations which have been sacrificed by a misguided and blundering policy of dollar diplomacy.

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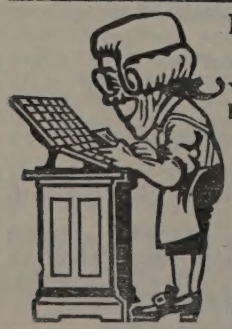

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